

Revival 611

Chapter 611 Blocking the Road

"Disappeared?"

Yang Jian, with one hand against the wall, slowly put down the rust-covered firewood knife in his hand, a look of disbelief on his face.

Just now, he had seen the source of the bloody handprints; it wasn't an illusion...People killed by fierce ghosts seemed to have become part of the curse of the bloody handprints, covering the entire hallway, and these things were also attacking him.

Yang Jian immediately retaliated. He clearly remembered slicing through one of the ghosts' arms.

At this moment.

All the ghosts in the hallway had vanished without a trace, and the bloody handprints on the walls had also faded away as if they had never appeared, all disappearing without a trace.

The ghosts had retreated at that moment and showed no sign of reappearing.

"Is this the effect of this supernatural item?" Yang Jian looked down at the knife, more astonished than when he first obtained the Coffin Nail.

The Coffin Nail on the Hungry Ghost's forehead could only pin down a ghost, rendering it completely immobile.

But this firewood knife in his hand could directly repel ghosts head-on, even dismember them, and the method of use was very simple, requiring contact with a medium.

Complete footprints, complete palm prints seemed to suffice, and as to whether there were other mediums that could trigger it, Yang Jian didn't know yet; he had only used it once so far.

Soon.

Yang Jian seemed to have realized something and immediately put the rust-covered eerie firewood knife into the box that had contained the corpse wrapping cloth, and then covered it.

"Does using such a supernatural item bear a horrible curse like the Eight-Tone Music Box? Or does it require a huge price to pay?"

Not being swept away by the power of the supernatural item, Yang Jian began to check his own condition to make sure he hadn't fallen under the curse of the firewood knife.

After a quick examination, Yang Jian felt that his body was very normal.

He was neither rotting like the tall corpse at his feet nor afflicted with a bizarre curse; his body was the same as before.

"Could it be that, like the Coffin Nail, it doesn't require a price?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly, feeling somewhat incredulous.

If there were no price, then this eerie firewood knife would truly be terrifying.

"No, that's not right. Although there is nothing abnormal with my body, this arm is different from before," Yang Jian's gaze moved to his arm that was connected to the Ghost Hand.

The arm was blackening, looking like a dead corpse; this arm had fused with a part of the Ghost Envoy's flesh during the Ghost Envoy incident and had acquired some of the Ghost Envoy's properties, having the capacity to suppress three ghosts.

But now.

Nearly half of the arm had turned white, with the blackness fading, seemingly having lost the capacity to suppress one ghost.

"Using this eerie firewood knife isn't without cost, it's just that the price was offset by my capacity to suppress one ghost..." Yang Jian felt a strong unease.

Because this price was significant to him.

This capacity to suppress three ghosts was key to maintaining a balance of the ghostly presence in his body. Now that he had lost one capacity, it meant he could only suppress two ghosts.

The Ghost Shadow was in a crashed state and did not require a capacity to suppress it.

But what about the Ghost Eye and the Ghost Hand?

For fear that the Ghost Shadow could not control these two ghosts, Yang Jian had always used two capacities to maintain balance, ensuring that these two ghosts would not revive.

It was precisely because of this that Yang Jian's condition had always been good; if he didn't stir trouble, they probably wouldn't revive for a good ten years or more.

His complexion changing, Yang Jian quickly accepted this harsh reality.

"Do I need to pay the price of one ghost to use this firewood knife? Although I repelled the ghosts, the damage is mutual. The more terrible the attack the bloody handprints suffered, the more horrible the curse I have to bear; it's just that part of the curse was offset by some of my Ghost Envoy traits."

Yang Jian immediately recalled the vision of lighting the Ghost Candle when he had been attacked before.

Back then, a whole Ghost Candle had burned down almost instantaneously in the blink of an eye.

The situation then was strikingly similar to what was happening now.

The curse had been offset by a capacity to suppress a ghost.

The attack had been offset by a red Ghost Candle.

This was the price.

"If I use up both of my remaining quotas to restrain ghosts, what will be the cost if I force this firewood knife into action? Will I die instantly?" Yang's gaze flickered with indecision; he wanted to know the outcome, yet he dared not try.

But without trying, there would be no way to find a solution to the problem.

Guesswork alone won't cut it.

"Forget it, I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. I have more important things to do right now."

Yang's gaze shifted away from his own forearm, which had turned mostly black.

The cancellation of the curse was permanent; it wasn't as if the ghostly arm would recover after a while.

Yang had a vague feeling that this was probably the flaw Wang Xiaoming had spoken of. Lacking the true characteristics of a ghost, the arm would weaken as a result of injury and continuous use until the ability to suppress completely failed...

Since his Ghost Shadow had also been chopped, and it was already healing.

Ghost Shadow was a true ghost, while this arm, lacking certain Ghost Envoy characteristics, did not represent a real Ghost Envoy, so it wasn't a true ghost.

It was like a Ghost Slave, which could be killed.

After pondering for a moment, Yang temporarily set aside his thoughts.

No matter what, he had now obtained the firewood knife and should return to Ping'an Tower to continue his fight against Fang Shiming. Without eliminating that guy, he couldn't feel at ease.

Yang looked up at this incredibly eerie place.

"This place is too dangerous, this corridor shouldn't exist. If another door were to open, ghosts might follow this passage to the Caesar Hotel. I need to seal this place off completely. But ordinary methods won't be enough to block this passage, I need to use special measures."

He had considered blocking it with gold, but he did not have enough time, nor did he have that much money on hand.

Finally, Yang's gaze settled on the tall, rotting corpse at his feet.

The body, wrapped in a Corpse Wrapping Cloth, was practically acting as a door, almost completely blocking the corridor.

"Using this body to block the doorway, and because of the presence of the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, the Ghost Domain can also be sealed. The effect might match that of a gold door," Yang thought this method could be feasible.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth couldn't be eroded, and with the ghost inside the body, these two things at the passage's entrance should be sufficient to block other ghosts from entering or exiting.

Immediately.

Yang moved the body to the exit and stood it upright.

He looked at the remaining gaps around the corpse, then used Ghost Shadow to gather some nearby cement, prying off the hard concrete and patching it together like mud, fusing it with the body to form a seamless wall.

Just like that, Yang embedded the corpse into the cement wall, working meticulously to ensure it was sturdy and didn't shake when kicked.

"This will have to do."

Thinking to himself, Yang attempted to cover the cement wall with Ghost Domain, only to find it wouldn't extend over it.

It worked.

As for future problems arising, Yang couldn't worry so much; his life was nearly at stake, and doing this much was already showing great responsibility. Anyone else would likely just walk away without a care for the dangers within the corridor.

"Let's go."

Yang took several steps backward, not hesitating as his Ghost Domain spread, instantly covering the entire Caesar Hotel before heading towards the north of the city.

He disappeared in an instant.

Even though he was close to Dachang City, Yang merely glanced in its direction and did not go back but instead doubled back on his way to Ping'an Tower.

Fang Shiming had indeed escaped; he wasn't inside Ping'an Tower.

But Yang didn't mind; he needed to find Fang Shiming's palm and fingerprints at Ping'an Tower to trigger the killing rule of the firewood knife.

This time, even if he had to use up another quota to suppress a ghost, he was determined to kill him.

The danger brought by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was greater than the risk of a fierce ghost reviving. If it were a fierce ghost's revival, Yang had some emergency measures in mind to ensure his survival. But with the curse already out of control, he couldn't worry about a fierce ghost's return.

"Don't disappoint me; I'm counting on one strike to finish Fang Shiming."

This is what Yang thought to himself.

Chapter 612

Yang Jian had departed from Ping'an Tower and returned after what seemed a long time, but in actuality, it was only a few hours. This was because he encountered some urgently peculiar situations at Caesar Hotel in that strange place. If not for these special circumstances, he would not have wasted so much time.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box echoed in his mind like a death knell.

Yang Jian now cherished every minute because only by doing so would he have more time to solve this curse after dealing with Fang Shiming.

Before that.

Back at headquarters.

Since Yang Jian left, the Ghost Domain that enveloped the city dissolved as well, and the crisis seemed to subside a considerable amount with the confirmation that Yang Jian was not followed by any revived fierce ghosts, allowing many to breathe a sigh of relief.

But correspondingly, some severe problems still persisted.

"The situation roughly went like this: all his friends from the circle are gone, Yang Jian and Fang Shiming fought on the top floor of Ping'an Tower, and as you know, it ended in a draw. Yang Jian didn't have the ability to kill Fang Shiming, Fang Shiming was in too poor a condition, on the verge of transforming into a fierce ghost, and not wanting to be dragged to death by Yang Jian, he chose to flee," said Cao Yang.

Inside the conference room, Cao Yang summarized the previous events.

Wang Xiaoming was in charge of this operation, with several other group leaders coordinating.

"However, it seems Yang Jian has no intention of letting Fang Shiming off. Although he left the city, I feel Yang Jian has gone to prepare for something. The next attack will probably come very soon. After all, everyone is more or less familiar with Yang Jian's character. Once he decides to kill someone, I reckon nobody can stop him," Cao Yang paused as he spoke, looking towards Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming's brother had been killed by Yang Jian in just such a manner; nobody could persuade him, and no deals or compromises mattered to Yang Jian.

He was a stubborn young man, a pure and straightforward young fellow.

Wang Xiaoming's expression was calm, seemingly unconcerned about that matter, and he said, "Your speculation is quite accurate. If nothing goes wrong, Yang Jian will return to the city to search for Fang Shiming before dawn."

At this point, he paused: "Can you locate Fang Shiming?"

He was neither a ghost controller nor an intelligence agent; he couldn't track people.

"Do you want the struggle between Fang Shiming and Yang Jian to continue?" Cao Yang asked, taken aback.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Wrong, it's to end it. Only by ending this struggle in advance can we minimize the losses. If possible, I hope Fang Shiming is the one who dies, as we might still have use for Yang Jian."

Cao Yang understood his meaning. The longer the conflict between the two dragged on, the greater the impact it would cause. And now that neither party would rest until the other was dead, only the complete death of one side would signify the end of this affair... after all, the lingering threat of the ghost painting was still lurking in the city, unknown when it might erupt again.

"I'll try my best to find him, but there's no guarantee. If he's determined to hide, no one will be able to find him," he shrugged, indicating he'd do what he could.

Fang Shiming had already left the city.

He traveled to a small town not far from the city, where he had set up a temporary safe haven. As the president of the circle, it was impossible to keep all of his possessions in one place; the idea that cunning hares have three burrows is well understood by everyone.

In the basement of an inconspicuous bungalow.

Fang Shiming, emaciated with his skin stretched over his bones, appeared here. He was in bad shape, and it was lucky he left in time; otherwise, he indeed would have died from the fierce ghost's revival. But now, he estimated that it would not be long before that happened, not sure if he could last another fifteen days.

"I need to prepare in advance. After sorting out some matters in the next few days, I need to take that paranormal bus. That Yang Jian is simply a madman. If not for him, I wouldn't take such risks; that bus is too dangerous, once on board, whether you can come back alive is an uncertainty," said Fang Shiming as he sat on the sofa, his bloodshot eyes slightly moving as if contemplating something.

A moment later, he picked up a phone and made a video call.

Most of the key members of the Friend Circle had been wiped out by Yang Jian, but he knew one person hadn't died yet.

Soon, the connection was successful.

"It's me, Fang Shiming. Where are you right now, He Tianxiong?" Fang Shiming's voice was hoarse and strange, making it uncomfortable for the listener.

"President Fang?" He Tianxiong sounded somewhat surprised on the other end, "Why have you suddenly become like this out of the blue? I heard that something terrible happened at Ping'an Tower. I'm sorry to hear that. Right now I'm on a plane flying abroad. There's some business I need to deal with there, so I have to make the trip."

Fang Shiming said, "Cut the nonsense. I might have to leave for a while, so I'm entrusting the company to you."

"No, no, I'm not capable of managing the company," He Tianxiong hurriedly declined. Taking over the Friend Circle now would be like seeking death, wouldn't it? He didn't want to be the scapegoat.

"I know you're wary of Yang Jian. I fought with him earlier, and some people died. I'm indeed in a bad state, but Yang Jian won't live much longer... You'll soon receive news of Yang Jian's death," Fang Shiming said.

He was sure his judgment wasn't wrong; Yang Jian in that state definitely couldn't last long and would die a violent death soon.

"Heh heh."

Unable to contain himself, He Tianxiong laughed upon hearing this.

Fang Shiming immediately asked coldly, "What are you laughing at?"

Whether Yang Jian could live long, he didn't know, but looking at it now, it seemed Fang Shiming himself might not live much longer, right?

Of course, He Tianxiong wouldn't speak his mind; he just laughed and said, "I'm laughing at how incompetent the headquarters are, and how pitiable Yang Jian is. No matter how hard he worked, what's the use? He still has no way to deal with us. Rest assured, President Fang, as long as Yang Jian is truly dead, I'll definitely help take good care of the company."

"But if Yang Jian is still alive, then I'm powerless to help. This guy is a madman; he wants to fight on sight. I don't want to provoke him, and I can't beat him. He's seen my files and completely counters me; I almost died at his hands."

Fang Shiming frowned slightly then said, "Then do as you say. If Yang Jian dies, you take over the company and maintain its normal operations. If you don't manage well, you should know the consequences."

He Tianxiong's smile gradually stiffened on his face.

This certainly wasn't an easy job. Could the Friend Circle even still be called that now? It had practically become an Orphans Circle; whether it could stand its ground in this city was questionable.

"I'll do my best," He Tianxiong could only agree, bracing himself.

If he didn't agree, he probably would be killed immediately, after all, Fang Shiming had the capacity to do so.

At this moment.

Yang Jian had returned to Ping'an Tower once again.

The Ghost Domain appeared, and the entire Ping'an Tower was within its coverage.

He was now not stingy with using the power of malevolent spirits; from the moment the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box began, his Ghost Domain had never stopped.

"Yang Jian has returned."

Li Jun, who was investigating anomalies inside Ping'an Tower, saw the surroundings covered by red light again and his expression subtly changed.

"Indeed, he's here in this building now, but we probably won't find him. His Ghost Domain is more peculiar than imagined," said Su Fan beside him. "The captain could give him a call."

"It's no use, he didn't bring a satellite-tracked phone with him. He left that phone on the street from before."

Li Jun had already received the news: Guo Fan and Zong Shan had retrieved Yang Jian's phone and brought it back to headquarters.

"However, Yang Jian must have also noticed us, but the fact that he hasn't shown up means he doesn't want to deal with us... Let's all take a break; there's no need to wander around Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. I'll contact Professor Wang to see how things are arranged on his end."

The first thing Yang Jian did upon returning to Ping'an Tower was to check the surveillance footage; he needed to confirm where Fang Shiming had appeared.

The previous struggle with Fang Shiming had taken place within the Ghost Domain, so the act of stepping footprints was impossible.

Soon, Yang Jian saw that Fang Shiming had visited an office. That office had no surveillance, and he had no idea what Fang Shiming had done there.

But that didn't matter. It was enough to determine the traces he had left behind.

Yang Jian arrived in front of the door to that office.

He pushed the door open, and everything inside came into view.

The setup was simple: a desk, a chair, and a simple bookshelf behind it.

But on this table, Yang Jian saw two photographs.

"These are my photos," Yang Jian said as he picked up the photographs, his expression changing slightly.

The photos were full-body shots taken when he was in high school, with his name written on them. But now, these two photographs had been cut in half by something.

"This is the work of... Ghost Scissors."

Yang Jian immediately made this judgment because the marks where the photos had been cut were very familiar to him—one photo showed his neck cut off, the other his head.

And these were the exact wounds he had experienced during the mysterious attacks he had suffered while walking on the street before.

"Photos are the medium, the trigger for the Ghost Scissors' killing pattern. When the Ghost Scissors cut the photos, they triggered some curse that made me suffer the same attacks as in the photos. However... a mere photo doesn't seem to trigger the killing pattern precisely. After all, there are people in the world who look quite similar, so my name was needed."

"A name and a photo together can almost 100% lock in a person's identity for an exact strike."

With a gloomy expression, Yang Jian repeatedly examined the two photos and became even more convinced that this was how he had been attacked.

No wonder there had been no forewarning.

These Ghost Scissors and the Firewood Knife he now held were very much the same kind of thing.

"So if I change my name and appearance, maybe I can escape this curse?" Yang Jian speculated:
"Changing my name or appearance is not difficult for me. If such a method could break the attack of the Ghost Scissors, it would be worth trying."

But this was just an analysis.

He didn't rush to act on it. Now, he sat in the chair that Fang Shiming had previously sat on and took out the box containing the ominous Firewood Knife.

"This is Fang Shiming's private office; this spot where I'm sitting must have Fang Shiming's footprints." Yang Jian's gaze shifted as he picked up the rusty Firewood Knife again.

"To cover footprints, you don't actually need to use your own feet; just making contact with the medium is enough. I was attacked when I used the Ghost Hand on that tall, rotting corpse, which shows that indirect contact works as well."

Thinking of this, a dark shadow started to emerge under his feet.

Ghost Shadow was almost completely reassembled at this point, and he could control it. The Ghost Shadow under Yang Jian's feet now spread out like a pool of thick ink, starting to cover the area.

Indirect covering using the Ghost Shadow was a more reliable method.

Anyone who had been to this office couldn't escape Yang Jian's attack.

As the Ghost Shadow spread, Yang Jian, who was holding the eerie Firewood Knife, began to see several figures appear around him. Among these figures were construction workers, decorators, cleaning ladies, company employees, and he even saw the figure of the deceased Li Yao here.

All these people had left their footprints here before, and now, due to the medium, they appeared before Yang Jian.

Apart from these figures, Yang Jian also saw Fang Shiming.

Fang Shiming stood motionless in front of him, like an image.

"With Ghost Shadow combined with this Firewood Knife, it's easy to trigger this medium, no need to stomp around or touch prints randomly; just covering the ground with Ghost Shadow is enough," said Yang Jian, his expression shifting as he thought of the tall, rotting corpse.

The Ghost Shadow and the Firewood Knife both formerly belonged to that ghost, no wonder they complemented each other so well.

At the same time, he also felt fortunate that for some reason the tall, rotting corpse had chopped off its own Ghost Shadow; otherwise, if the Ghost Shadow had spread, everyone who passed through the corridor would have died, leaving no chance for survival.

"Now doesn't seem like the time to think of this, it's time to send Fang Shiming off," Yang Jian said to himself.

He stood up and lifted the rusty Firewood Knife in his hand.

So what if using one more quota for suppressing ghosts to counter the curse? In his eyes, it was worth it.

He swung the knife in an instant.

The bizarre Firewood Knife chopped down on Fang Shiming's shadow, cutting him clean in half from head to toe.

Yang Jian didn't want to sever his head or body, since that might not kill him effectively, given that some ghost controllers are not so easy to kill. So he struck with extra force.

After the stroke, the curse of the Firewood Knife erupted.

An even larger section of blackness faded from Yang Jian's arm. He only had the quota to suppress one more ghost left. Even if he resolved the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, his condition would be worse than before.

At that moment.

In a basement of a small house near the city in a rural area.

Fang Shiming sat on the sofa, reviewing some documents and coordinating with people, making arrangements.

Suddenly.

Fang Shiming stiffened completely, then a bizarre crack appeared on his body.

In the next moment, blood splattered, and he was split in half by something.

Not only he but also the corpse lying behind him was split in half at that moment.

Both man and ghost were cleaved apart.

"Thump!"

Fang Shiming's body dropped heavily to the ground; his eyes were wide open, as if he hadn't died immediately, his expression one of utter shock.

"What's going on, the Ghost Scissors were clearly in my hand..."

He suspected he had been attacked by the Ghost Scissors, but before he could dwell on the thought, his consciousness faded.

Although Fang Shiming had some emergency measures available, such an attack was too strange to predict, leaving him no time to react, much like what Yang Jian had previously experienced.

Chapter 613 Wei Jing Sends a Message

"Is Fang Shiming dead?"

Yang Jian stood in this private office, having already stowed away the mysterious Firewood Knife in his hand. He dared not continue to hold it, fearing an unknown curse.

Just now.

He had indeed triggered the medium and slashed at Fang Shiming. Based on his previous judgment, Fang Shiming should have suffered his own attack by now.

Only, Yang Jian wasn't certain that Fang Shiming was truly dead.

After all, he didn't know where Fang Shiming was at the moment; without seeing his condition, he couldn't determine if the man was alive or dead.

"I'll wait here for a bit. If Fang Shiming is dead, then he definitely won't appear again. If he isn't, having suffered the attack from the eerie Firewood Knife, he will surely take countermeasures soon. It's very likely he'll curse me again using my photograph."

Yang Jian made such a judgment in his mind because according to his personality, if he weren't dead, he would definitely seek crazy vengeance.

So, he waited for Fang Shiming's retaliation.

He had already confirmed that with the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse in effect, he wouldn't be taken down by the Ghost Scissors, which made him somewhat fearless.

The Ghost Domain was not fully retracted; he only maintained a three-layer Ghost Domain that covered Ping'an Tower and some of the surrounding streets, which had significantly reduced the area.

"If Fang Shiming doesn't show up before dawn, then I can conclude that he has been taken care of by me," Yang Jian estimated in his mind.

So, he prepared to sit here and wait for the dawn.

Although Yang Jian's approach was cautious, what he didn't know was that Fang Shiming had been slashed by the bizarre Firewood Knife and had already died, in a nondescript basement in a township outside the city.

But as time passed, nothing happened on Yang Jian's end, and his thoughts gradually began to change.

From suspecting that Fang Shiming was still alive, to increasingly believing the fact that he may already be dead.

Yang Jian checked the time.

It was already four in the morning.

"Fang Shiming hasn't appeared, nor has he attacked me. Does that mean there's a high chance he's dead?"

Yang Jian had been sitting quite awhile; he stood up and looked out the window, overlooking the quiet city lit up bright at night.

"Then if Fang Shiming is already dead, where would he have died? He still had those Ghost Scissors, and if I don't take them, they will disturb my peace later on."

Yang Jian slightly furrowed his brow at that moment.

Getting rid of Fang Shiming from a distance with the medium was certainly a good thing, but it also left a loose end.

The Ghost Scissors, as long as they existed for even one more day, the kind of curse that struck before could reemerge. The only difference would be that the next master of the Ghost Scissors wouldn't be Fang Shiming, but another unknown ghost controller.

He wasn't afraid of the curse of the Ghost Scissors now because of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Once the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box expired, he would still be unable to fend off that kind of attack.

Like the eerie Firewood Knife in Yang Jian's hand, it had an almost certain one-strike kill effect.

After pondering for a moment, Yang Jian shook his head: "I can't manage so much. In this world, there are countless strange curses and terrifying wraiths. Today I defended against the Ghost Scissors, next time I might encounter something even more dreadful. It's not like I could eliminate every source of the supernatural."

"Besides, I still have this Firewood Knife in my hand, and I have the ability to retaliate. If it really came down to a life-and-death struggle, I fear no one."

With these thoughts, his mind gradually eased, and he stopped obsessing over the Ghost Scissors.

But this was under the premise that Fang Shiming had to be completely dead. If he wasn't, and one day he came bouncing back, then Yang Jian would be in trouble.

"It's not dawn yet; I'll continue waiting," Yang Jian continued to stand at the window, watching the outside.

Now, the Headless Ghost Shadow that was severed by that bizarre Firewood Knife in Caesar Hotel had also been reassembled, regaining the ability to move its legs. Although its body was still dead, he could repair it later using ghostly powers.

But these were minor problems.

The real issue was the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

If after dawn Fang Shiming was confirmed dead, Yang Jian would have to start thinking about dealing with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Although he had several rough plans in mind for the curse of the Music Box, he had no confidence in their effectiveness, for there had been no successful precedents to survive such a curse before, leaving him no experience to draw from, only his own exploration.

However, around five o'clock in the morning.

Yang Jian suddenly detected signs of an invasion in his Ghost Domain.

"Is it Fang Shiming?" He became instantly alert, even prepared to draw the Firewood Knife once again.

If Fang Shiming were still alive, he would strike again, using up the final restraint slot to do everything possible to finish the guy off.

But Yang Jian quickly realized something was off.

What invaded his Ghost Domain was a darkness, dense as if ink had been spilled, surging from the ground level of Ping'an Tower. It seemed to have discovered him and was heading straight here.

"This is not Fang Shiming, his Ghost Domain isn't like this."

Yang Jian's expression changed, he left the office, and went to the top floor of Ping'an Tower.

The space here was more open, suitable if he needed to make a move.

Darkness eroded his three-layer Ghost Domain, preventing him from seeing the other person clearly.

Soon.

At the rooftop platform, as the surrounding light dimmed, a figure with a slightly stiff gait emerged from the dense darkness.

"Are you Yang Jian?" a cold, indifferent voice devoid of any emotion rang out.

Yang Jian frowned, staring at the person. The face before him was all too familiar, and when he finally made out the face from the dark, his eyes involuntarily narrowed: "Ghost Envoy? No, that's not right, you're not the Ghost Envoy, you are Wei Jing."

The person before him was the spitting image of the Ghost Envoy. Had he not spoken, Yang Jian would have initially thought the incident with the Ghost Envoy was happening all over again.

"You're right, I am Wei Jing, not the Ghost Envoy."

The person invading Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was none other than Wei Jing, who was supposed to be dead. He said, "Are you waiting for Fang Shiming?"

"How do you know?" Yang Jian looked at him cautiously.

Wei Jing said, "Professor Wang sent me here. He guessed that your rivalry with Fang Shiming would continue, but he didn't expect it to end so quickly. You don't need to wait for him anymore, Fang Shiming is already dead."

"Dead? How can you be certain?" Yang Jian asked.

"Headquarters has already received the news. Although there's no evidence, the source is relatively reliable," Wei Jing replied, then threw out a photo.

The photo disappeared in mid-air and the next moment appeared in Yang Jian's hand.

Yang Jian looked at it.

The photo showed a dimly lit basement with a corpse that was split in half in the middle, with blood splattered around, staining the area red. Though the body was a grisly sight, one could vaguely recognize it as Fang Shiming.

"Where did he die?" Yang Jian immediately asked.

The fact that headquarters had such timely information, finding Fang Shiming's location and even obtaining news of his death, meant that he could attempt to reclaim the Ghost Scissors.

Wei Jing said, "I don't know."

"Is it that you don't know or you don't want to tell?" Yang Jian asked.

"I don't know means I don't know."

Wei Jing said, "I'm here to notify you that Professor Wang wants to see you. The time is ten o'clock this morning."

Yang Jian said, "I'm not interested. There's no need for me to meet with him. In addition, I plan to resign from headquarters. After today, I will leave this place, and, if nothing unexpected happens, I won't come back."

"That's your business and it has nothing to do with me. I'm just here to deliver a message," Wei Jing said still with a cold, numb expression, his eyes hollow and lifeless, like those of a dead man.

This state was very peculiar, and Yang Jian could feel the presence of the Ghost Envoy in him.

What made him even more curious was that Wei Jing should have been dead, so why was he alive now? Was there some unknown change that had occurred in the meantime?

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, but he didn't dwell on it, instead contemplating the meaning of Wei Jing's words.

To be honest, he was tired of this meaningless rivalry and did not want to deal with people who disgusted him. His purpose in coming here was to survive, to find a way to balance himself. Unfortunately, though he had succeeded, he had also lost something.

In his heart, it was a loss not worth the gain.

Wei Jing, too, didn't say anything more, turned around, and prepared to leave, but before he left, he added, "About the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, Professor Wang has some theories. You might want to hear them out."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian's countenance changed subtly.

Indeed.

Professor Wang Xiaoming was the one who started researching the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box. He had conducted many experiments and studied numerous subjects – human skin lanterns, Ghost Candles, Ghost Coffins, plans to extend the revival of fierce ghosts... Many of his experiments had been successful, and of course, there were also many failures. But in any case, Wang Xiaoming knew more information than anyone else.

"Should I make a trip there?"

Yang Jian began to consider.

In fact, even without Wei Jing's mention, he had roughly guessed the purpose of being summoned this time.

It was nothing more than to completely settle the dispute with his social circle and to appease him – and in compensation, headquarters would undoubtedly make some concessions.

"For matters concerning the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, I still need to make a trip there."

After mulling it over for a long time, Yang Jian understood that it wasn't time to throw a tantrum. Some things had to be endured for now, but regardless of what headquarters said, he would resign – he wouldn't be as agreeable as before.

And besides that.

Yang Jian glanced again at his arm which had faded to black.

He needed to ask Wang Xiaoming about this as well.

What kind of flaw existed in the Coffin Nail he had replicated?

"Ten o'clock this morning, huh..."

Yang Jian checked the time; he no longer stayed at Ping'an Tower since he had confirmed the death of Fang Shiming. Staying here no longer had any meaning.

He had to deal with some things and needed to recover his body.

Chapter 614

9:30 in the morning.

In the conference room of the headquarters, a special meeting had been convened today because of Yang Jian's matter. Not many people had arrived, but all present were key figures of the headquarters.

Vice-Minister Cao Yanhua, Professor Wang Xiaoming, Team Leader Shen Liang, Ghost Dominator Wei Jing, Captain Li Jun... and the operator Liu Xiaoyu.

Liu Xiaoyu had been forcibly woken up. She had been unconscious when found, and her head was still dizzy; she had no idea what had happened. She only knew that she seemed to have been knocked out by Yang Jian last night.

"Yang Jian hasn't shown up yet?" Cao Yanhua checked the time, and another ten minutes had passed.

Normally, he would have arrived early for such a meeting, especially since Yang Jian was known to be punctual.

"Not yet," Shen Liang had been keeping an eye on the comings and goings outside the headquarters.

Cao Yanhua nodded and continued to wait.

Soon, it was 9:50.

Cao Yanhua asked again, "There are ten minutes left until the scheduled time, has Yang Jian not arrived yet?"

"No, there are no reports of Yang Jian entering the headquarters," Shen Liang replied.

Cao Yanhua remained silent and continued to wait.

At ten o'clock sharp, Yang Jian still hadn't arrived, and there wasn't a soul to be seen near the headquarters.

"Is he late?" Cao Yanhua frowned, "Or could it be that he has already used the Ghost Domain to get here?"

"There's no sign of Ghost Domain coverage; everything is normal," Li Jun said.

When it reached 10:30, and Yang Jian still hadn't appeared, Cao Yanhua couldn't help but slap the table, "Yang Jian must have stood us up. He isn't planning to come."

His slap awoke Wang Xiaoming, who had been sleeping with his head down across from him.

Wang Xiaoming lifted his head and yawned, then said calmly, "So, Yang Jian did not show up, right?"

"You guessed he wouldn't come back?" Cao Yanhua asked.

"Something like that."

Wang Xiaoming continued, "The likelihood of him coming to the headquarters for a meeting is no more than forty percent. After all, he's already planning to resign. Strictly speaking, he's no longer a captain, and he has also taken out his entire circle of friends. Furthermore, there was a slight oversight in the headquarters' decision-making process before, so Yang Jian has become cautious."

"Cautious of what?" Cao Yanhua asked with a frown.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "Cautious that this is a trap—a banquet set to take him down. Yang Jian is very aware that his value is not great anymore... He used the Eight-Tone Music Box, suffered a terrible curse, and how many days can he live? According to his thinking, his death might benefit the situation more than his life. After all, last night's incident was huge, and he even personally dealt with Jang Shangbai. These issues haven't been resolved, and he has also made it clear to us that his death would lead to terrifying supernatural events."

"That's paranoia."

Cao Yanhua was somewhat annoyed now, "He proposed his resignation to Liu Xiaoyu, and I haven't approved it. He's still a captain, how could the headquarters possibly take down its own captain? Liu Xiaoyu, quickly, call Yang Jian and tell him to come to the meeting immediately. Tell him that I, Cao Yanhua, give my life as a guarantee that we will not lay a hand on him. If he doesn't trust me, I can personally go to the entrance of the headquarters to pick him up."

Liu Xiaoyu was also somewhat startled, seemingly frightened by Wang Xiaoming's speculation.

The headquarters wanted to take down Yang Jian?

But looking at the situation... it seemed somewhat plausible.

Wang Xiaoming said, "It's useless, he won't come to headquarters. He is wary of Old Qin, and having met Wei Jing, he has already developed a sense of crisis. I had Wei Jing send him a message last night to lower his guard, to let him know I wasn't hiding such a unique individual, but it seems now that it hasn't had much effect."

"Moreover, I did indeed consider proceeding with a plan to take out Yang Jian last night."

"What?" Cao Yanhua was startled, looking at him with some disbelief.

Wang Xiaoming's expression remained calm, "It's a perfectly normal line of thought. After all, if Yang Jian were to die, the harm he could cause afterward would be immense, equivalent to an S-class paranormal event. If we take him out beforehand, it would be akin to nipping a paranormal event in the bud, which could be worth it to some extent."

"I know he is suffering from a curse, but the purpose of this meeting was to discuss how we could help him,"

Cao Yanhua grew even more anxious, not expecting that Professor Wang would really have considered setting a trap at a feigned peace offering.

"He doesn't trust us, and the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box has not been resolved, so there is not enough reason to convince him. If I'm not mistaken, Yang Jian plans to get on that bus in the next few days or is seeking some kind of informational help..." Wang Xiaoming said, "He has alternative plans, so it's normal for him to forgo the meeting after careful consideration."

Cao Yanhua was taken aback; if one carefully considered Yang Jian's perspective, it actually made some sense.

At that moment, Wang Xiaoming stood up, "Let's go to Ping'an Hotel. Yang Jian should be waiting for us there right now, but we need to hurry. I reckon he's already prepared to leave the urban area."

"You had already guessed this, so why didn't you say so earlier?" Cao Yanhua asked.

"I didn't sleep last night and overslept a bit just now, but considering your habit of banging on the table, Deputy Director, I should have been woken up around ten o'clock." Wang Xiaoming looked listless, the picture of someone who hadn't gotten enough rest.

Taken aback, Cao Yanhua didn't know what to say and hurriedly set into motion, taking several people with him to rush to Ping'an Hotel.

Arriving late would mean one less captain at headquarters today.

And once Yang Jian left, if the matter of his social circle became exposed, it would trigger a series of chain reactions.

Indeed, Yang Jian had not gone to the headquarters for the meeting, but neither had he left the place. He was sitting on the couch in his room, packing up some things.

A box that held a dead man's head.

A pair of embroidered shoes.

An eerie firewood knife.

A funeral shroud for the dead.

In addition, there were two scapegoat dolls and a few white Ghost Candles.

The red Ghost Candles were gone; he had given one to Huang Ziya and another to his classmate Miao Xiaoshan. He had no spare ones left, as it was indeed somewhat difficult to obtain more of these items.

"The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box really is troublesome," Yang Jian murmured as he put the packed items into a body bag, the melody echoing in his mind, and fell into deep thought.

He hadn't gone to headquarters, not because he didn't want to make the trip, but because he was hesitating.

This hesitation was the result of careful consideration. Yang Jian knew that he had disrupted the social circle yesterday and also taken out Jang Shangbai. The former was just a matter of personal grudges, but Jang Shangbai's death was concerning the matter of a captain.

Consider this.

A former captain who had resigned, who was about to be revived as a fierce ghost, who had taken out another captain last night, and who nearly caused a major paranormal event...

How should such a person be dealt with?

In Yang Jian's mind, the answer was surely to take him out, as keeping him around was too dangerous.

It was precisely because of this consideration that Yang Jian decided not to go to the headquarters.

Perhaps the moment he entered the headquarters, there would be hundreds of Hatchet Men lying in ambush on both sides, and when Wang Xiaoming clapped his cup as a signal, Li Jun would lead people to charge out. If they then shouted, "I have General Wei Jing to battle Yang Jian"... wouldn't that spell the end for me?

Not to mention, the mascot Old Qin might also be present.

Even with the bizarre Firewood Knife, it was impossible to fight one's way in and out.

Therefore, to be cautious, he chose not to go.

"If they really have the intention to talk to me, they should come to the Ping'an Hotel in person, and they won't bring too many people," Yang Jian speculated in his mind.

"Captain, are you packing to leave?" At this moment, the door to the room burst open, and a woman's voice rang out.

Yang Jian came back to his senses, slightly lifted his head to look, and saw Huang Ziya leaning against the door. Her slender, straight legs looked even longer in high heels, and the unreasonably generous curves above her delicate waist outlined a beautiful and graceful silhouette, while her flawless melon-seed face wore a slightly frivolous smile.

The only discordant note was her jet-black, dense hair, almost reaching her waist, exuding a bizarre aura.

"Yeah, I've finished what I need to do here, so I'm off to take care of some personal matters," Yang Jian said.

Huang Ziya replied, "Then what about the team formation? You can't just sneak off on your own. If we don't have someone to lead the team, the chances are high we might all get wiped out in the next supernatural event. You wouldn't want to see a beauty like me die at the hands of those ghostly creatures, right?"

After saying that, she tossed her black hair to show off her astonishing charm.

Yang Jian took a look; "Have you used that ghost's power again?"

He noticed that Huang Ziya's figure and appearance had changed once more. The change was indescribable; it seemed like some areas had become slimmer while others had gained a bit of flesh, overall making her figure and face even more perfect.

"Indeed, Captain, you have a discerning eye. I spent the whole night researching and finally have the most perfect body and face."

Huang Ziya spoke confidently: "I am now definitely the most beautiful woman in Asia. I'll be the one in charge of looks in the team from now on since we need to meet with people. Just look at Zhang Lei and Wang Jiang, and the deadpan face of Feng Quan. Obviously, they can't go out like that."

"Who are you calling 'deadpan'?" A voice suddenly came from behind, and Zhang Lei walked over, his face stiff as though he was dead.

"Just look in the mirror, and you'll know I'm not wrong," Huang Ziya turned and said.

Upon seeing Huang Ziya in her current state, Zhang Lei was stunned for a moment; "Who is this great beauty?"

"Can't recognize me, can you?" Huang Ziya smiled.

Zhang Lei sized her up and down, genuinely amazed by the exceptional beauty before him: "An illusion? Huang Ziya doesn't look like this. She's skinny and unattractive..."

Before he could finish, Huang Ziya cut him off: "Shut up, this is my true form. You must have remembered wrong before."

"It's unbelievable, truly unbelievable. It's a miracle in the Supernatural Circle, it feels like you've changed your skin entirely. Is that body real?"

Zhang Lei was somewhat astonished and couldn't help reaching out to touch, to see if he could feel the warmth of a living person.

"Trying to take advantage of me?"

Huang Ziya huffed lightly and walked straight into the room, sitting down on the sofa. She then looked at Yang Jian and said, "If the captain wants some intimate contact with Asia's number one beauty, I might agree."

"Do you think you're prettier, or is the woman in this photo prettier?" Yang Jian took out a photo and placed it on the coffee table.

"Hm?"

Huang Ziya's eyes flickered as she looked at the woman in the photo.

Perfect, flawless, stunning, exuding an intellectual beauty that seemed out of place in this era.

"Impossible, there can't be such a gorgeous beauty in this world," Huang Ziya immediately said, "The photo must be Photoshopped."

Yang Jian said, "Indeed, there is no beauty as stunning as this, but the photo is not fake because this woman is not human... She is the woman from the Ghost Painting,"

"What?" Huang Ziya exclaimed in shock.

Zhang Lei also walked over in surprise, "I have seen information on the Ghost Painting. The woman in the painting is indistinct, her facial features are hazy, as if they are not fully drawn, with only a pair of hands... Captain, have you seen what the Ghost Painting looks like?"

"Sort of, so my point is for you to remember the appearance of the Ghost Painting. Maybe you will have the chance to encounter it after I leave the city. Don't fail to recognize it when the time comes," Yang Jian said, "As for the photo, take a picture and keep it. It might be an intelligence asset that could be useful to you. Hand a copy over to Feng Quan and the others later."

"If you're leaving, I might as well go back to Dachang City with you," Huang Ziya said, "I dare not touch an event of this level of supernatural intensity."

Zhang Lei said, "I haven't resolved my issue yet. If it gets resolved, I won't stay here either."

"I know you want to solve the issue of the vengeful ghost's revival, but I'm powerless to help now. The things I have won't assist you, so hope for a solution from headquarters," Yang Jian said.

"Let's hope so," Zhang Lei replied.

Yang Jian then started to ponder again, thinking that the Ghost Shroud could probably extend the life span if the vengeful ghosts were to revive.

But he didn't voice this out loud.

Because he needed the Ghost Shroud too, if he resolved the Eight-Tone Music Box curse but then faced the problem of vengeful ghost revival, then he would have to use the Ghost Shroud as his fourth ghost to control.

Of course, this was a contingency. If possible, he would not want to wear the death-shrouded garment.

"Additionally, let's put forming the team on hold for a few days. If I'm still alive after a few days, we can discuss it," Yang Jian then said.

He indeed had the idea of forming a team of ghost handlers, and there were enough people: Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Zhang Lei, Huang Ziya, Wang Jiang... With Xiong Wenwen, that would just do.

But some incidents had occurred in the meantime, preventing many things from going smoothly.

"Captain, are you going to do something dangerous?" Huang Ziya asked in surprise.

Yang Jian said, "Not exactly, I've encountered a little problem myself. I'm cursed by a vengeful ghost and need to resolve it. If I can, I'll survive; if I can't resolve it, I'll be dead in a few days."

"What?" Zhang Lei was shocked, "How can such a thing happen all of a sudden?"

Huang Ziya was also taken aback, looking at Yang Jian with some disbelief.

"It happened after a fight with some friends. Although the news hasn't spread yet, you'll know in a few days," Yang Jian explained.

Only then did Zhang Lei remember the eerie incident from the previous night. He had even received information about Yang Jian's death, but later he learned that Yang Jian was still alive. The conflicting

information had confused him, which is why he came up this morning to check on the situation and understand exactly what had happened,

He hadn't expected that the Ghost Domain which appeared last night was actually the result of a fight between Yang Jian and his acquaintances from the Supernatural Circle.

"No need to make a fuss. In any case, I won..." Yang Jian paused, his gaze subtly shifting towards the floor below.

Cao Yanhua and Wang Xiaoming had arrived.

Chapter 615 Decision

Cao Yanhua and his group arrived at Ping'an Hotel.

This time, they came with the headquarters' sincerity, and the appearance of Wang Xiaoming also signified that he had abandoned the idea of taking down Yang Jian, choosing instead a more peaceful and friendly way to draw a perfect conclusion to yesterday's incident.

"Just a few of us going up is enough, any more and Yang Jian will start getting ideas,"

said Cao Yanhua before getting out of the car, and then he entered Ping'an Hotel with Wang Xiaoming, Wei Jing, and the phone operator Liu Xiaoyu.

Before even entering the door, Wei Jing, with a dark complexion and numb coldness, brusquely reminded them, "We are already in Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, and right now he can kill any one of you at any time, and I won't be able to stop him in time."

Cao Yanhua's heart grew wary, he immediately said, "Don't worry, he won't mess around, I still trust Yang Jian quite a bit."

"Minister, Professor Wang? He was just here, how could he disappear so suddenly?" Liu Xiaoyu said a bit frantically.

At that moment, Wang Xiaoming, without anyone knowing when, had eerily vanished from sight of the few of them, leaving no trace behind.

Wei Jing said, "He must have been taken away by Yang Jian, it seems he wants to talk to Professor Wang personally."

"..." Cao Yanhua's mouth twitched.

He had just said that Yang Jian wouldn't start any trouble, yet the moment they entered the door, Yang Jian began his maneuvering.

Just then, Yang Jian, who was talking to Huang Ziya and Zhang Lei in the room, suddenly stood up, "I need to see someone, you guys chat on your own, just remember not to touch my stuff. There are some very dangerous things in there."

He made a point of warning them, lest the two of them couldn't resist their curiosity and opened his body bag, taking out things that shouldn't be taken out.

Although in the Ghost Domain Yang Jian was aware of everyone's every move, it was still necessary to clarify beforehand to avoid any misunderstandings.

After all, trust between ghost controllers is very hard to establish.

Without waiting for them to respond, Yang Jian simply disappeared from the room.

At this moment,

the now missing Wang Xiaoming from the first floor had already appeared at the topmost floor of the hotel.

There was no designed foothold at the top level of the hotel, the exterior was constructed of tempered glass, and Wang Xiaoming, as an ordinary person, stood on that seemingly fragile glass, with high winds whipping around him as if ready to toss his slightly emaciated body out at any moment.

But Wang Xiaoming looked calm and unafraid of heights; instead, he started strolling leisurely at the top, stretching his body and gazing at the distant cityscape.

"Aren't you afraid of accidentally falling down and smashing to your death?"

Yang Jian's voice suddenly appeared as he saw Wang Xiaoming standing on the edge, looking down at the floors below, his body being slightly swayed by the strong wind, appearing at any moment like he might fall to his death.

"Something like that wouldn't happen in your Ghost Domain,"

Wang Xiaoming casually turned around and said, "If I really fell down, it would definitely not be an accident, and you should attend the private conference called specially for you today. It's in your best interest."

"I don't know if it's good or not, but I know there must be drawbacks,"

Yang Jian said, "You've researched the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, so you should know my situation."

After speaking, he extended his palm, on which an old wooden box lay.

The box was open, completely dark inside, and a bizarre ringing sound that others couldn't hear seemed to be emanating from within.

"Indeed, I researched the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box for a while, but I quickly gave up," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Did you fail?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "No, I personally think it's foolish to pin hopes on a supernatural object, for no matter how powerful a supernatural object is, it can only ensure one's immortality but has no effect on a deteriorating situation, so I abandoned the research soon after seeing no results in a short period."

"But let's set aside the matter of the Eight-Tone Music Box for now, we should talk about your situation."

Yang Jian was slightly moved, "My situation? Are you referring to me taking out people from the friend circle, or the friend circle taking me out?"

"No matter which it is, there should be a result. Although I'm not good at negotiation, I don't want to watch this situation become a complete mess since it would render my research meaningless," Wang Xiaoming said.

"I resigned. I'm no longer taking the captain's role, I'm planning to go back to Dachang City," Yang Jian casually said.

Wang Xiaoming shook his head slightly, "That definitely won't work. The resignation of Ghost Eye Yang Jian will have a huge impact, it'll shake many people."

"So what? Kill me? To avenge Jang Shangbai, he was also a captain. Not getting rid of me would also upset many people," Yang Jian coldly smiled, "When that happens, the situation will be just as bad, and the Captain Plan will have to end too."

"No, Jang Shangbai is already dead, and you're still alive. All of the blame can be put on a dead man, and you, having killed Jang Shangbai who was at fault, will have merits. With a little maneuvering by the headquarters, not only will this not have negative effects, but it will also deter those ghost controllers with ulterior motives due to your presence, making the situation even more favorable,"

Wang Xiaoming spoke very directly and brutally, setting a final verdict on Jang Shangbai.

"Of course, the premise is you can't die, at least not in the short term, and as for resigning that is even less possible, otherwise no one will believe the headquarters' words, after all ghost controllers are all extreme and suspicious."

Hearing this, Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

Wang Xiaoming's method was indeed ruthless and smart, leveraging Jang Shangbai's death to establish authority while using Yang Jian to increase the headquarters' credibility, deterring other ghost controllers with mischievous thoughts.

If successful, the current situation would be better than before.

"As for those people in the friend circle, let them be dead. It's a good chance for headquarters to take over all research projects and assets of the friend circle, which will help both my upcoming experiments and the headquarters a great deal," Wang Xiaoming continued.

"Killing three birds with one stone?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "You're wasted hiding in a lab, you should be a minister."

Wang Xiaoming said, "Anyone can be a minister, and even if they do a really good job, it doesn't play a decisive role. What truly influences the situation is the research into and the solving of fierce ghosts."

"Makes sense," Yang Jian agreed with his idea and then continued, "If you've arranged everything, how exactly have you arranged for me?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "You resign and switch to an indefinite vacation. You give up the captain position due to some personal mistakes in your work. The promises made to you by the former deputy minister still stand, you're still the person in charge of Dachang City, plus you have the right to take away up to six people from headquarters to form a team, just without the benefits. Including your teammates, you can fight for them if needed."

"The way to fight for it is simple, resolve supernatural events."

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "So, you're trying to bind me with a city and a few teammates? For the city and the situation with my teammates, I'll still have to work for the headquarters in the future."

Wang Xiaoming didn't deny it and nodded, "That's about the size of it. A win-win cooperation is more suitable for you."

"If you don't give Dachang City, I can take it myself," Yang Jian said. "I might become the next circle's president."

"You're not that ambitious, you can't be the next circle," Wang Xiaoming said. "It's not a matter of capability but of character. If you wanted to be the next circle, you wouldn't have given up the captain's position."

"If I accept your proposal, what will I get?" Yang Jian directly asked again. "After all, I'm someone who's about to die, and I might do anything."

"There's no need to threaten me; it won't work," Wang Xiaoming said. "I have only one condition to offer, which is to help you lift the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box."

"You? I don't quite believe that," Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "You don't believe me, so do you trust that piece of paper? Or are you thinking of boarding that bus?"

Skin paper?

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly. He had always considered the skin paper his very last option and wouldn't trust the information on it if he had even the slightest choice.

"I have considered boarding that bus, after all, it might incidentally solve my ghost revival problem. That thing you made last time has started to fail..."

"Are you referring to the counterfeit Coffin Nail?" Wang Xiaoming said. "I warned you last time it was flawed."

"What flaw? You didn't say that at the time," Yang Jian questioned.

"Haven't you found out by now? That thing has started to fail."

Wang Xiaoming said, "After all, it was made by capturing a part of a Ghost Envoy's abilities. While it has the effect of suppressing three ghosts, as time goes on and the number of uses increases, this suppressing power will gradually weaken until it completely vanishes. Think of it as an upgraded version of a Ghost Candle."

"However, according to my calculations, it shouldn't have failed so soon. What, did you try to suppress a highly dangerous ghost? You'd better not do that; be careful it doesn't malfunction suddenly and you get attacked by a fierce ghost."

Yang Jian's expression darkened; Wang Xiaoming had not mentioned these details before.

No wonder it took three of his Ghost Hand's spots just to suppress one of the ghosts inside Fang Shiming's body, and he couldn't suppress the tall, decaying corpse in the Caesar Hotel at all, resulting in him being attacked by a Firewood Knife.

Whether it was the tall decaying corpse or the nearly revived ghost in Fang Shiming, both were extremely dangerous, in line with the situation Wang Xiaoming described.

The reason he was still able to balance himself was because the Ghost Hand was incomplete, the Ghost Shadow was in a dead state, and both the Ghost Eye and the Ghost Shadow were helping suppress it. Adding those three spots, of course, there was no problem.

But the real reason his two spots completely failed was due to using the eerie Firewood Knife.

He triggered two instances as a medium, chopping twice, losing two of his suppressing spots.

Wang Xiaoming continued, "But if you're thinking of getting on that bus, you'd better think carefully. With your consciousness already cursed by the Eight-Tone Music Box, if you get on and the bus suppresses the ghost in your body, and the curse along with it, will your consciousness continue to exist, or will it disappear in an instant?"

"I think it's highly likely that it will disappear in an instant."

"That's just your guess..." Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly; he had also considered this possibility, but he was still willing to take the risk.

"I've conducted research; you should trust science, not luck," Wang Xiaoming said earnestly. "If you want to solve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, you need to separate the curse from the consciousness. Only then can you survive. I have a feasible method; its success rate is definitely higher than you taking that bus."

"Accept what I said today, and I will handle the curse for you. Just give me two days to prepare. Within these two days, your curse will not erupt."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as if weighing his options.

The bus matter wasn't highly confidential; many had boarded it before him.

Was it just as Wang Xiaoming said, that boarding the bus would mean certain death?

Was it better to gamble or to trust Wang Xiaoming?

Or perhaps he should check the information on the skin paper.

In the end... he needed to find a way to complete the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet, where during the transaction Yang Jian could state his own terms.

The Ghost Cabinet had asked him to find the person in the photo. If he could do that, the Ghost Cabinet would resolve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box for him. As for what demands the Ghost Cabinet would make afterward, that was out of his hands.

The unlimited trade rules were a deep pit; Yang Jian wasn't equipped to play this game, but for the sake of survival, he had no choice but to keep playing.

"I shouldn't trust the bus too much, nor fully trust the skin paper, even less bet my hope of survival on the Ghost Cabinet. But Wang Xiaoming is also not entirely reliable..." Yang Jian began to think calmly. He was no longer concerned with past grudges; staying alive was what mattered most.

If he couldn't stay alive, nothing else meant anything.

"If no party can be trusted, then I should try every option. I need to determine the location of the bus, attempt to complete the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet, inquire about the skin paper, and I should also accept Wang Xiaoming's proposal."

After thinking it through, Yang Jian spoke up, "I accept your terms. Give you two days. In two days, I hope to see a result. If you disappoint me, I am capable of anything."

"Of course," Wang Xiaoming extended his hand, "Then, shall we have a pleasant cooperation?"